

# AN INTRODUCTORY COLLECTION OF REAL FOLK AND TRADITIONAL SONGS

or  
DIRT: AN EXEGESIS

## Acknowledgements

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--The Editors

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[Los Angeles: UCLA Co-Op House, c. 1965]

General Notes: Wherever possible, the titles of the songs being parodied are given except where it seems quite obvious. The divisions are not exact and there is considerable categorical overlapping.

The basis of this monograph is a song sheet put out under the auspices of several fraternities who shall remain nameless. By far the most part of the material is copied (with the numerous spelling and grammatical mistakes corrected) from that song sheet. There are occasional fillers; they are probably obvious. --- The Editors

CALIFORNIA FUCKING SONG (verce)

1

Oh they had a little party up in Lakeport  
There was Harry, there was Mary, there was Grace  
Oh they had a little party up in Lakeport  
And Harry came all over the place.

And they had to carry Harry to the fairy  
And the fairy carried Harry to the shore  
And the reason that they had to carry Harry to the fairy  
Was that Harry couldn't cum any more

Prostitution, prostitution,  
Fuck 'em till they cry  
Rape 'em till they die  
Prostitution, prostitution  
Fuck 'em twice or know the reason why

And when the fuck is over, we will buy a box of skins  
And fuck for California till it dribbles off our chins  
So fuck, tra-la-la, Fuck tra-la-la  
Fuck, fuck, fucked last night  
Fucked the night before  
I'm gonna fuck tonight like I never fucked before  
For when I fuck I'm as happy as can be  
For I am a member of the hose family

Now the hose family is the best family  
That ever came over from old Sperry  
There's the anterior fuck and the posterior fuck  
The interior fuck and the A-SUC

Sing glorious, victorious, one big cunt for the four of us  
Sing glory be to IBM that there are no more of us  
For one of us could eat it all alone. Damn near!

Here's to the foreskins, GET FUCKED!

— The horny pricks.

THE FAGGOT GOLDEN BEAR (verce)

The faggot golden bear  
Has dyed his pubic hair  
He is so queer that when he's near  
He's apt to fuck you in the rear

His cock is made of glass  
He beats off in gym class  
So take your fruity fucking bear  
And shove him up your golden ass.

## THE TROJANS BE DAMNED

2

[G. U.S.C.]

The trojans be damned boys, the trojans be damned.  
The trojans be damned boys, the trojans be damned.  
If any SC sonofabitch don't like the Blue and Gold,  
He can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss a Bear's asshole.

[Southern  
California]

Oh, here's to John McKay, the dirty sonofabitch.  
We hope he dies of syphiis combined with the seven-year itch.  
If you take his prick as a radius and project his balls in space  
You can prove by the law of limits that his asshole is his face.

Harvard's run by Princeton and Princeton's run by Yale  
Yale is run by Vassar and Vassar's run by tail.  
But from what we hear of Old SC, they run it off by hand  
Oh, them masterbating sons of bitches are the assholes of the land.

If I had a little girl I'd dress her all in green  
And send her down to East LA to coach the trojan team.  
But if I had a little boy I'd dress him all in blue  
And he'd yell "TO HELL WITH OLD SC" like his daddy used to do.

Oh, listen all you maidens, oh listen well to me  
Don't ever trust a Trojan man an inch above your knee  
He'll take you down to East LA and fill you full of fizz  
And before the night is over your maidenhead is his.

If we find an SC man within our sacred walls  
We'll take him down to East LA and amputate his balls.  
And if that doesn't fix him I'll tell you what we'll do  
We will stuff his ass with broken glass and seal it up with glue.

If I had a prick of steel and balls of shiny brass  
I'd find a marble statue and ram it up her ass.  
I'd breed a race of giants to roam throughout the land  
Just to swell the mighty chorus of the trojans be damned.

## LADY IN RED

It was a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving  
O'Leary was closing the bar.  
When he turned and he said to the lady in red  
GET OUT, you can't stay where you are.

She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer  
As she thought of the cold night ahead  
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the (crapper, phonebooth)  
And these are the words that he said. (There's no paper in here)

Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know  
About the ways of college men and how they come and go. (mostly go)  
Now age has taken her beauty  
And sin has left its sad scar (what a gash)  
So remember your mothers and sisters boys  
And let her sleep under the bar. ('neath the big brass rail)

ROLL ME OVER

I tried it once or twice  
and I found it rather nice  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it  
again.

-Chorus-

Roll me over in the clover  
Roll me over lay me down and do it  
again.

Now this is number one and  
I'm buttering up her bun [mb]  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it  
again  
(chorus)

Now this is number two  
down in front I'm coming through  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it  
again  
(chorus)

Now this is number three  
fancy friggin', fast and free  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it  
again  
(chorus)

Now this is number four  
Cut a notch, I'm keeping score  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it  
again  
(chorus)

Now this is number five  
That's enough, I gotta drive  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it  
again  
(chorus)

Now this is number six  
and I've got her sucking dicks  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it  
again.  
(chorus)

Now this is number seven  
and it feels like I'm in heaven  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it  
again  
(chorus)

Now this is number eight  
Never again I'll masturbate  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it  
again  
(chorus)

Now this is number nine  
Man, this cunt is really fine  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it  
again  
(chorus)

Now this is number ten  
And we'll start all over again  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it  
again

PI PHI'S GARTER [Cajun: Garter Song]

High above a Pi Phi's garter,  
high above her knee  
Lies a Pi Phi's only honor:  
her virginity.

So lift her dress up, raise it  
high, boys,  
Lay her on the grass  
All I live for, all I die for,  
is good old Pi Phi ass.

High above a Pi Phi's garter,  
nestled near her lap,  
Lies the thing that we all dread,  
Good old Pi Phi clap.

So lift her dress up, raise it  
high, boys,  
So we all can see  
All a Pi Phi has to offer  
Our fraternity (dormitory).

HANNA, MY DELTA GAMMA (Tune-Hanna)

Hanna, my Delta Gamma  
She's got a twat like a baby grand  
piano,  
It's so nifty, it's real snifty,  
Hanna, my Delta Gamma.

We'll build a fucking bed,  
Big enough for two, big enough  
My honey, big enough for one, two,  
three, four.  
And when we're fucking, happy we'll  
be, under the fucking,  
Under the fucking tree.

Bom-bom bom-bom, bom-bom bom-bom,  
Bom-bom, bom-bom, fom-bom bom-bom.

If you'll be M-I-N-E mine, I'll be  
T-H-I-N-E thine  
And I'll F-U-C-K fuck you all the  
T-I-M-E time.

You are the B-E-S-T best of all the  
C-H-E-S-T chest  
And I'll F-U-C-K fuck you  
All the T-I-M-E.

Knock 'em up, fuck 'em up, any old  
time  
That's where my dick lays, in between  
my baby's legs  
I screw her all the time to keep in  
shape  
She wears my silk underwear  
I put my peter there  
Hey, boys, that's where my cum goes.

(I don't know the tune either--  
typist)

STANFORD DRINKING SONG

Oh it's wine, wine, wine, that makes you feel so fine  
On the farm, on the farm,  
Oh it's wine, wine, wine, that makes you feel so fine  
On the Leland Stanford Junior farm.

My eyes are dim: I cannot see  
I have HEY not HO brought my specs with me.

SIMILARLY:

beer; queer// brandy; dandy// rum; dum// rye; sprye// cocoa; loco//  
vodka; hotka// whiskey; frisky// bourbon; burpin// coke; choke//  
gin; sin// port; sport// muscatel; feel like hell// vermouth; uncouth//  
corn; glad you're born// champagne; gives you such a pain//  
hot roast duck; makes you want to fuck//

R.O.T.C. [Tune: "My Bonnie"]

Some mothers have sons in the army  
Some mothers have sons overseas  
So hang up your service flag, mother  
Your son's in the R.O.T.C.

CHORUS:

R.O.T.C.  
It all sounds like horseshit to me, to me

R.O.T.C.  
It all sounds like horseshit to me

They call us the campus commandoes  
More boy scouts than soldiers are we  
So take down your service flag mother  
Your son's in the R.O.T.C.

They give us our little toy rifles  
And tell us to shine them you see  
For we are the guardians of the campus  
While computing the square root of three

In case of atomic disaster  
The ROTC will enmass  
They'll protect us from alpha and gamma  
With all of the lead in their ass

We stand in our Fauntleroy costumes  
And seem so resplendent to be  
We look like a full-sized militia  
But we're only the R.O.T.C.

THE GASOLINE HAULER [No CALLS AT ALL] 5

Husband, dear husband, I tremble with fear,  
You've driven that transport for nearly a year  
And since you've been driving that gasoline truck  
We haven't had time for a good family fuck.

Husband, dear husband, don't be a fool  
You've driven that truck till you've ruined your tool  
You'd better go hungry for the rest of your life  
Than to bring home a prick so soft to your wife.

I was always happy as your little queen  
Till you started to haul that damn gasoline  
Now you're groggy and can hardly creep  
I feel like jazzing and you want to sleep

Each night, dear husband, when we go to bed,  
Your intentions are noble but your pecker is dead,  
I play with your penis all dripping with gas  
But it turns up its nose and crawls up your ass.

If a child should be born, its life would be spoiled  
Its brain soaked with gas and its ass would be oiled  
And when it grew up, its living to earn  
It'd be just like its father, damn hard to learn.

In this cruel world there's only one sin  
For which there's no pardon, so never give in  
That's when a man becomes so damn mean  
That he gives up his fucking to haul gasoline.

I pleaded dear husband, with tears in my eyes  
I played with your balls, still your penis won't rise  
So I'll get me a man who's fond of his ass  
And we'll do the fucking while you haul the gas.

CAMPUS HALL [Theme: College Marching Song]

We go to college, college go we  
We have never lost our virginity  
We don't use candles  
We use axe handles  
We are from Campus Hall.

Every year at the Christmas dance  
We don't wear bras and we don't wear  
pants  
We like to give the freshmen a chance  
We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college, we have our fun  
We know exactly the way it's done  
We saw the movies in Hygiene 1.  
We are from Campus Hall

We go to college, don't we have luck?  
We do our work without passing the  
buck  
Come up some time boys, you may be  
in luck  
We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college, we can be had.  
Don't take our word, ask dear old  
Dad.  
He brings his buddies for graduate  
studies  
We are from Campus Hall.

Every night at eleven o'clock  
We watch the boatman piss off the  
dock  
We like the way he handles his cock.  
We are from Campus Hall.

If you want an easy piece  
Come up and fuck the Chancellor's  
niece  
Instead of Kotex she uses bear  
grease  
We are from Campus Hall.

[Tune: My Bonnie]

6

## MONEY ROLLS IN

## COME THANKSGIVING

My father makes book on the  
corner,  
My mother makes bathtub gin  
My sister makes love for a  
dollar  
My God how the money rolls in.

Come thanksgiving, come [Tune: Frère Jacques]  
thanksgiving

Save your bread, save your bread  
Shove it up a turkey's ass  
Shove it up a turkey's ass  
Eat the bird, eat the bird.

CHORUS:

Come next Christmas, come next  
Christmas

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how  
the money rolls in rolls in.  
Rolls in, rolls in, my God  
how the money rolls in.

Take your girl, take your girl  
Lay her in a pasture  
Lay her in a pasture  
Piece on earth, piece on earth.

My grandmother sells cheap  
prophylactics

Come next Easter, come next  
Easter,

She punctures the heads with  
a pin [Tune in this Colony (L)]  
'cause Grandpa gets rich on  
abortions

Take an egg, take an egg  
Shove it up a rabbit's ass  
Shove it up a rabbit's ass  
Eat the hair, eat the hare.

My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

## THE BIG BLACK BULL

My brother's a foreign  
missionary

The big black bull come down from  
the mountain

He saves fallen women from sin  
He'll save you a blonde for  
five dollars,

The big black bull come down  
from the mountain

My God how the money rolls in.

Long time ago.

CHORUS

CHORUS:

Long time ago, long time ago.

My uncle is carving out candles  
From wax that's especially  
soft

He spied a heifer in the pasture  
He spied a heifer in the pasture  
Long time ago.

He says they come in quite  
handy

If ever his business falls off.

He jumped that fence and he  
jumped that heifer

CHORUS

My cousin is saving up bottles  
For moments which cause grief  
He says they will be quite  
useful

He missed his mark and he fsst  
on the pasture

For the required public relief.

He wiped his prick on a white  
birch sapling

CHORUS

The big black bull went back to  
the mountain

My aunt a noted social worker  
Fives services for a fin  
She'll often work on short  
notice

His head hung low but his balls  
hung lower.

My God how the money rolls in.

PANCHO VILLA [=Ruptured Cowboy]

CHORUS

My name is Pancho Villa

I have the gonorrhea

I got it from Maria

She gave it to me free-a

And I cannot pee-a.

## SEVEN OLD LADIES.

Chorus:

Chorus:— Oh dear, what can the matter be?  
 Seven old ladies locked in the lavat'ry  
 They were there from Monday 'til Saturday  
 Nobody knew they were there.

Verses:

The first to go in was old Mrs. Finn  
 Who prided herself on being so thin  
 But when she sat down the poor dear fell in  
 And nobody knew she was there

The next to go in was old Mrs. Humphrey  
 And when she sat down she found it most comfy  
 She tried to get up but she couldn't get her rump free  
 And nobody knew she was there

The third to go in was old Mrs. Sickle  
 She hurdled the door 'cause she hadn't a nickle  
 Caught her foot in the bowl what a hell of a pickle  
 And nobody knew she was there

The fourth to go in was old Mrs. Murray  
 She had to go in a hell of a hurry  
 When she got there it was too late to worry  
 And nobody knew she was there

The fifth to go in was old Mrs. Slaughter  
 She was the Duke of Effingham's daughter  
 She went in to pass off superfluous water  
 And nobody knew she was there

The sixth to go in was old Mrs. Bender  
 She went in to fix up a broken suspender  
 It snapped and injured her feminine gender  
 And nobody knew she was there

The last to go in was old Mrs. Brewster  
 Her eyesight isn't as good as it uster  
 She sat on the handle and swore someone goosed her  
 And nobody knew she was there

## GOOSE MOTHER RHYMES

Little Jack Horner  
 Sat in a corner  
 Eating his grandmother

Jack Sprat could eat no fat  
 His wife could eat no lean  
 So they ate each other

Jack be nimble  
 Jack be quick  
 Jack be fucked  
 By a candle stick



## THE BALL AT BALLEYNOR

Oh the ball, the ball at Balleynoor  
What your wife and my wife were do-  
ing on the floor

Singing a why do you lass nich why  
do you do

A bon do you lass nich becon you do  
you do.

(Last two lines are chorus)

There was a doing in the parlor and  
a doing on the stones

You couldn't hear the music for the  
wheezing and the groans

Singing a (chorus)

The deacon's wife was standing there  
her butt against the wall;

Put your money on the table, I'm  
going to do you all

Singing a---(chorus)

The queen was in the parlor eating  
bread and honey;

The king was in the chamber maid  
and she was in the money

Singing a (chorus)

They tried it on the garden path and  
once around the park

And when the candles all burned out  
they did it in the dark

Singing a (chorus)

Well at first they tried it simple  
then they tried he and shes

But when the ball was rolling they  
went at it fives and threes.

Singing a-- (chorus)

The letter carrier was there; the  
poor man had the pox;

He couldn't do the lassies so he  
did the little bucks

Singing a (chorus)

[Probably from Oscar  
Brand recording]

## CATS ON THE ROOF TOP

8

Cats on the rooftop, cats on the  
tile,

Cats with the crab and the clap  
and piles,

Cats with their butts all wreathed  
in smile,

As they revel in the throes of forn-  
ication.

The hippo's rump is big and round,  
Small ones weigh a thousand pounds,  
Tow-together-shake the ground,  
As they revel in the throes of forn-  
ication.

The baboon's rear is an eerie sight,  
There's a glow below like a neon  
light,

And he waves it like a flag in the  
jungle night,

As he revels in the throes of forn-  
ication.

The camel has a lot of fun,  
His night is complete when he is  
done,

He always gets two humps for one,  
As he revels in the throes of forn-  
ication.

The clam is a model of chastity;  
You can't tell the he from the she,  
But he can tell and so can she,  
As they revel in the throes of forn-  
ication.

Now the queen beeflits among the  
trees,  
Consorting with whomever may please,  
They fill the land with sons of bees,  
As they revel in the throes of forn-  
ication.

Now the monkey is small and rather  
slow,

Erect he stands just a foot or so,  
So when he comes it's time to go,  
As he revels in the throes of forn-  
ication.

500 verses all in rhyme,  
To sit and sing them seems a crime,  
When we could better spend our time  
Reveling in the throes of fornication.

[DANIEL] recitation

### THE KING'S LAST BALL

It was the night of the king's last ball

When all the counts and nobles accounts

Were gathered in the hall

When in walked Sir Daniel

(with his left ball o'er his right shoulder)

"What ho," said the king;

"Ass Hole", said Sir Daniel

This displeased the king and he ordered Sir Daniel sent to the lions

As the lions were chewing on Sir Daniels left ball, he cried, "It tickles", "What tickles?" cried the king.

"Test tickles," cried Sir Daniel

This pleased the king and he ordered Sir Daniel brought forth, but Sir Daniel slipped on a hot lion's turd and came in fifth.

"Your wish is my command" cried the king. "I want to fuck your daughter," said Sir Daniel.

"You'll have to ask the Queen," cried the king. "Fuck the Queen," cried Sir Daniel, and forty royal knights were stampeded in the rush.

Sir Daniel went up to see the queen. "Roll over you hairy bitch" "Fuck if I will" said the royal queen. "Corn hole if you don't" said the royal ass hole. "Shit" cried the queen, and forty royal knights stooped to poop but nary a turd was heard.

### BIG FUCKING WHEEL

9

There once was a man from  
Over the sea

And this is the tale that he told to me

About a maid with a twat so wide  
She never could be satisfied.

So they fashioned for her a big fucking wheel

With balls of brass and a big prick of Steele

The balls of brass were filled with cream

And the whole fucking issue was run by steam

Around and around went the big fucking wheel

And IN and OUT went the big prick of Steele

Until at last the maid she cried  
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied"

But that was not the end of it  
There was no way of stopping it  
The maid was split from twat to tit

And the whole fucking issue went up in shit.

THE CRANE ON THE AS \*\*\*\*\* "SHAN" "END" "DRY"  
[Neg 10?] see record by woman

Well, the nipples on her titties  
Are big as her thumb  
The way she moves her hips  
Can make a dead man cum  
She's an old cock sucker,  
Dirty mother fucker  
My gal's a dirty old slut  
FUCK!

\*\*\*\*\*

A fellow named Robert Zweibel  
For hours in the bathroom would dwell

The turds that he shit  
Would never quite fit  
Down the orifice of the toilet's well

[Lim]

## I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago  
In a department store  
I worked in the glove department  
I did, but I don't anymore  
A lady came in for some gloves one day  
I asked her what kind she'd adore  
Rubber, she said, and rubber I did,  
I'll never work there anymore

I used to work in Chicago  
In a department store  
I worked in the fruit juice department  
I did but I don't anymore  
A lady came in for some fruit juice one day  
I asked her what kind she'd adore  
Nectar she said, and nectar I did  
I'll never work there anymore.

I used to work in Chicago  
In a department store  
I worked in the candy department  
I did but I don't anymore  
A lady came in for some candy one day  
I asked her what kind she'd adore  
Sucker she said, and sucker I did  
I'll never work there anymore.

I used to work in Chicago  
In a department store  
I worked in the bakery department  
I did, but I don't anymore  
A lady came in for some cake one day  
I asked her what kind she'd adore  
Layer she said, and layer I did  
I'll never work there anymore.

I used to work in Chicago  
In a department store  
I worked in the meat department  
I did but I don't anymore  
A lady came in for some meat one day  
I asked her what kind she'd adore  
Balogna she said but weiner she got  
I'll never work there anymore.

## FOO BAD [A LETTER f. POSTMASTER]

Was it you who did pushin'  
Put the stains upon the cushion  
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.

Was it your sly woodpecker  
That got into my girl Rebecca?  
If it was you better leave this town.

It was I who did the pushin'  
Put the stains upon the cushion  
Footprints on the dashboard upside down

But since I got into your daughter  
I've had trouble passing water  
Now I guess we're even all around

## BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR 10

Who's that knocking at my door?  
" " " " " "  
" " " " " "

Cried the fair young maiden.

It's only me from over the sea  
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor  
" " " " "

I'll come down at let you in(3 times)  
cried the fair young maiden

Well, open the door, you dirty  
old whore,  
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor  
" " " " "

Will you take me to the dance(3)  
Cried the fair young maiden

The hell with the dance, pull  
down your pants  
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor

What's that thing between your legs  
(3 times)  
Cried the fair young maiden.

It's only a pole to shove up your  
hole  
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor(2)

What's that spot upon my leg(3)  
Cried the fair young maiden

It's only a shot that missed the  
twat  
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor(2)

What if I should have a child(3)  
Cried the fair young maiden.

We'll dig a ditch and bury the  
bitch

Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor(2)

\*\*\*\*\*

Jesus loves me, yes I know,  
I'm the only one he'll blow.  
He will make me safe from sin  
Cause my dick's always in him.

Twelve apostles, tried and true  
None of them ever did screw  
That's because they got their kicks  
From playing with each others'  
pricks.

Yes, Jesus loves me  
Yes, Jesus loves me  
Yes, Jesus loves me  
I'd go to hole for him.

Now I guess we're even all around.

A couple of boys were whooping it up in one of those Yukon halls;  
While the boy handling the music box was steadily scratching his balls;  
The Fargo Kid had his hand on the box of a lady known as Lou;  
And there on the floor on top of a whore was Dangerous Dan McGrew.  
When out of the night as black as a bitch and into the din and smoke  
Came a shaky old prick right up from the crick with a rusty old load  
in his poke.  
He elbowed his way through the flea-bitten crowd with his hand at the  
crotch of his pants;  
He looked like a man with a dose of the syph and the last stages of  
St. Vitus' Dance.  
His britches were split and covered with spit; it looked like the white  
of an egg;  
His balls hung low and swung to and fro every time he moved a leg.  
His face was as red as a baboon's cock-head as the passion within him  
burned;  
He rolled out his cock to display to the flock, and every asshole squirmed.  
The lights went out! I ducked to the floor. The stranger sprang in the  
dark.  
His aim was true and the sparks they flew as his donnicker found its mark.  
Midst might and main and screams of pain a cry was heard in the room;  
There were sighs and moans and farts and groans, and six bodies lay stack-  
ed in the gloom.  
The lights came on. The stranger arose with a satisfied look on his pan;  
And there on the floor with his asshole quite sore lay poor old corn-  
holed Dan.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all the young maidens were little white rabbits  
And I were a hare, I'd show them bad habits.

CHORUS: Roll your leg over, o roll your leg over, roll your leg over  
the man in the moon.

Similarly, with chorus between each verse:

rushes a growin'/ scythe, I'd set to a mowin';  
fish in the ocean/ shark, I would raise a commotion;  
sheep in the clover/ ram, I would ram them all over;  
little white vixens/ fox, I would chase them and fixem;  
grapes on the vine/ plucker, I'd have me a time;  
bells in the tower/ sexton, I'd bang on the hour;  
bricks in a pile/ mason, I'd lay them in style;  
fish in a pool/ shark with a waterproof tool;  
B-29's/ fighter, I'd buzz their behinds;  
trees in a forest/ woodman, I'd split their clitorus;  
flowers in pasture/ bee, I'd leave them in rapture;  
bats in a steeple/ bat, there'd be more bats than people;  
statues of Venus/ and I were equipped with a petrified penis;  
little white foxes/ dog, I'd snap at their boxes

LAST VERSE:

Oh, why are we standing here singing about it? The reason is that we're  
doing without it.

MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK (Tune: My Grandfather's Clock)

Oh, my grandfather's cock was too large for his jock,  
So it hung 90 years on the floor;  
It was longer by half than the old man himself,  
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.  
It was hard on the morn of the day he was born  
And was always his treasure and pride  
But it stopped short never to go off again  
When the old man died.

Tune: When These Gassons Go Rolling Along

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WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well  
When the end of the month rolls around.  
You can tell by her stance that she's bleeding in her pants  
When the end of the month rolls around.

(Chorus)

For it's Hi, Hi, Hee in the Kotex industry  
Shout out your sizes loud and strong

JUNIOR, REGULAR, SUPER-DUPER, BALE OF HAY  
For where e'er we go you will always know  
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her walk that you'll sit at home and talk  
When the end of the month rolls around.  
You can tell by her stench that she is a bleeding wench  
When the end of the month roll around

You can tell by her eyes that there's blood between her thighs  
When the end of the month rolls around.  
You can tell by her pout that her tissue's falling out  
When the end of the month rolls around.

RED, RED

(Tune of Green, Green)

It's red, red, it's red they say  
On the inside of your cunt  
It's black, black, it's black they say  
And it's beaver that we come to hunt.

I told my mama on the day I was born  
Don't you try and fuck with me  
You can beat me off or sit on my face  
But a mother fucker I'll never be  
Stroke It Now!

BANGING THE CRACK

[not nounce but possibly of what?]  
Banging the crack

First you take your balls and you lay 'em out nice;  
You swing 'em to the left and you roll 'em to the right;  
Stroke 'er up and down kinda nice and light  
And then you shove it in and shove it in with all of your might.

She spreads her lovin' legs way out in space,  
You hump her up and down with a style and grace  
You put it all the way in, and then you bring it back.  
And that's what we call bangin' the crack.

RAT SHIT BAT SHIT

Rat shit; bat shit; dirty old twat  
69 assholes tied in a knot  
Lizard shit; lizard shit; ah fuck!

### THREE OLD WHORES FROM CANADA

The first old whore from Canada  
said "mine's as big as the sea,  
The ships sail in, the ships sail out,  
they never bother me."

#### CHORUS

Rig-a-ma-role, stick in my hole  
Geemy, ginny, goo.  
Rub your nuts against my guts  
and join the whorey crew.

The second old whore from Canada  
said, "Mine's as big as the air.  
The planes fly in, the planes fly  
out,

And never touch a hair."

#### (CHORUS)

The third old whore from Canada  
said "Mine's a big as the moon;  
A man goes in in January and  
don't come out till June."

#### C.S. DICK

Down from the hills came corkscrew  
Dick,  
Born to the world with a spiral  
prick.  
All over the world he did hunt  
For a refined young lady with a  
spiral cunt.  
But when he found her he dropped  
dead,  
→ For the sweet young thing had a  
left-hand thread.

### WHEN I'M FEELING LOW -or- THE MASTURBATION SONG

(Tune: Funiculi, Funicula) ←

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate, O

It felt so good

I knew it would.

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate, O

It felt so nice

I did it twice.

Wow, you should have seen me on the long strokes

It felt so neat

I used my feet

Wow, you should have seen me on the short strokes

It felt so grand

I used my hand.

Pound it, ground it, slam it on the floor

Pump it, hump it, clump it on the door.

There are those perverted souls  
Who think that intercourse is grand  
But I would rather stay at home  
And run it off by hand.

### MY CUNT

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My cunt, my cunt, my country's  
calling me;

Asshole, asshole, a soldier I  
will be;

Two pis, Two pis, two pistols by  
my side;

A whore, a whore, a horsey I will  
ride;

A suck, a suck, a success I will  
be;

Fork u, fork u, for curiosity.

### DOWN IN TWAT VALLEY

(On Top of Old Smokey) ← *Tune*

"Twas down in Twat Valley

Where maidenheads grow

Where cocksuckers flourish

And the red river flows

'Twas there I met Lulu

The girl I adore....

That hard fucking, cocksucking

Mexican whore!

She'll fuck you and suck you

She'll gnaw on your nuts

And if you're not careful

She'll suck out your guts

She'll fuck for a nickel

Take less or take more

That hard-fucking, cock-sucking

Mexican whore.

(Chorus  
arr: La Donna mobile)

## THE DRIVER

Driver is a friend of mine  
He will do it anytime  
For a nickel or a dime  
Fifteen cents for overtime  
Homosexuality  
Fits his personality  
Have you had your sex today?  
No, I had mine yesterday.

## THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

He's got the teeny, weeny peeny  
in his hands (3 times)  
He's got the whole world  
in his hands.

He's got the long, strong dong  
in his hands (3 times)  
He's got the whole world  
in his hands.

He's got the slick, stick prick-  
He's got the neatest fetus-  
He's got the firm sperm germ-  
He's got the cubic pubic-  
He's got the phallus of malice-

## WESTWOOD HIGH

Arr: [Corynne/Cornell]

High above Pacific Waters  
Stinking to the sky  
Stands a two-bit alma mater  
Known as Westwood High

Mighty campus, mighty buildings,  
Mighty trees and grass,  
You can take your mighty campus  
And shove it up your ass

## PUBIC HAIRS [Frenesi?]

Pubic hairs, you've got the  
cutest little pubic hairs  
There are no finer anywhere,  
Pubic hair, penis, or vagina,  
nothing could be finer

Pubic hairs, it's just like  
heaven when I'm in your  
underwear,

I didn't need a shove,  
I got a mouthful of  
Your darling pubic hairs.

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## VAGINA

[Repsi-Cola?]

Hot vagina for your breakfast  
Hot vagina's quite a treat  
Hot vagina for your lunch  
Hot vagina can't be beat

It's delicious and nutritious  
Bite size and ready to eat  
So take a tip from Tom  
Go and eat your Mom  
For hot vagina can't be beat.

## COOL

I'm as cool as the tip of an  
Eskimo's tool  
I'm as cool as a fish in a  
frozen pool  
I'm as cool as a pane of  
frozen glass  
I'm as cool as the ring around  
a polar bear's ass.

## GEE, BUT IT'S GREAT

[Turn: Walker: My Baby Back Home]

Gee, but it's great  
After eating your date  
Brushing your teeth with a comb

Gee, but it's fine  
After going sixty-nine  
To have her come down on your bone

Don't know why [Turn: Stormy Weather]  
There's lipstick on my thigh - [Turn: 1]  
Sloppy blow-job.  
[When my girl and me got together]

## THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Oh, thanks for the memory  
Of that night in Singapore  
When I laid you on the floor  
You said you were a virgin,  
But I knew you were a whore  
Oh, thank you so much.

## LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART [tune]

Let me call you sweetheart  
I'm in bed with you.  
Let me pinch your boobies  
Til their black and blue  
Let me stroke your vulva [!]  
Til it's filled with goo.  
Let's play hide the weenie  
Up your old wazoo.

BANG-BANG LULU (Tune: Good Night,  
Ladies)

CHORUS

Bang-Bang Lulu  
Bang-Bang Lulu  
Who you gonna bang on  
When Lulu moves away.

Horses wear bridles  
Horses wear bits  
Lulu wears a halter  
To cover up her tits.

Lulu had a boy friend  
His name was Diamond Dick  
Some girls liked his diamonds  
But Lulu liked his prick.

Lulu had a chicken  
Lulu had a duck  
She put 'em both together  
To see if they would fuck

Some girls work in factories  
Some girls work in stores  
But Lulu works in a little house  
With forty other whores

I wish I was a ring  
Upon my Lulu's hand  
And every time she scratched her ass  
I'd see the promised land

Rich girls use Kotex  
Poor girls use rags  
But Lulu's hole is so damned big  
She uses burlap bags

I wish I was an apple  
A-hanging on a tree  
And every time that Lulu passed  
She'd take a bite of me.

Rich girl uses a rubber  
Poor girl uses a skin  
But Lulu doesn't give a damn  
But takes it all the way in

BETA SONG

Down in Bohoggus, Tennessee,  
Lived a half-assed family  
And the father shoveled horseshit  
in the street;  
And one day when I was young  
He found a diamond in the dung  
And a "Beta" I decided I would be.

CHORUS

So stroke! stroke! you master-Betas  
Raise your foaming cocks on high  
And we'll drink another glass  
To the perfect horse's ass  
The sisterhood of Beta Theta Pi

15  
RING-A-LING (Tune: Sailors  
Hornpipe.)

Ring-a-ling Goddam  
Find a whore if you can  
If you can't find a whore  
Find a dirty old man  
If you're ever in Gibraltar  
Take a flying fuck at Walter  
Can you do the double-shuffle  
When your balls hang low

Do your balls hang low  
Do they wobble to and fro  
Can you tie 'em in a knot  
Can you tie 'em in a bow  
Can you throw 'em o'er your shoulder  
Like a continental soldier  
Can you do the double shuffle  
When your balls hang low

MARY JANE BARNES

Mary Jane Barnes is the queen of  
all the acrobats  
She can do the tricks  
That'll give the boys the shits  
She can shoot green peas  
Through her fundamental orifice

She's a great big son-of-a-bitch  
'bout twice as big as me  
Hair on her ass like branches on  
a tree  
She can run, jump, fight, fuck  
Climb a tree or drive a truck  
That's the kind of girl that's  
gonna marry me.

\*\*\*\*\*

A pervert named Ross Caballero  
Attempted a small English sparrow  
But a feeling of guilt  
Caused his penis to wilt:  
Besides, the bird's cunt was too  
narrow.

\*\*\*\*\*

(Beta song cont.)

In the chapter room I sit  
With my fingers dipped in shit  
The shadow of my dork upon the wall  
And the actives as they pass  
Ram three fingers up my ass  
In the memory of Beta Theta Hall.

(chorus)

\* \* \* \* \*

This place reserved for Co-op  
playmate of the month: or,  
Five-Finger Exercise time.  
Instead of a study break, try  
a masterbreak.

NOTE  
SOURCE

Ref to  
"Playboy"



(Tune: Greenback  
Dollar )

GREEN-BACK PATTII

(none)

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I know a girl named Pattii Anne  
She lives in Tarzana town  
She's real nice, sugar and spice,  
And she does it every time, poor boy,  
She does it every time.

(CHORUS)

And she don't give a damn about a contraceptive  
Doesn't use 'em anyway  
Just hangs around, and goes on down  
All you gotta do is pay, poor boy,  
All you gotta do is pay.

When Pattii was a little girl  
Her parents said to her  
If you want to be rich, just be a bitch  
Make your living in a bed, poor girl,  
Make your living in a bed.

chorus---

When Pattii Anne was twelve years old  
She had her first lay  
In the barn, under the hay  
Is where she had her lay, poor boy,  
Is where she had her lay.

chorus---

Now that Pat's a grown girl  
She's been down time after time  
She's a bitch, but she ain't rich  
Pat's only worth a dime, poor boy,  
Pat's only worth a dime.  
(CHORUS)

M-O-T-H-E-R

GIRL-

M is for the many times you made me  
O is for the other times you tried  
T is for the tawdry frat house weekends  
H is for the horny way you pried  
E is for the everlasting passion  
R is for the ruin you made of me

Put them all together, they spell mother  
That's what I think I'm going to be.

BOY-

F is for your funny correspondence  
A is for this answer that I write  
T is for the tearful sad occasion  
H is for your hope I'll do you right  
E is for the ease with which I made you  
R is for the route you fear I'll be

Put them all together, they spell father  
And that's a rap you'll never pin on me.

PUFF

(nonce)

(Tune: Puff, the Magic Dragon)

## CHORUS:

Oh, Puff the magic fucker  
 Had a ten foot rod  
 And all he did all day long  
 Was stick it into broads  
 (repeat)

Little layin' Annie  
 Had a giant twat  
 But after Puff was through with  
 her

Her twat was in a knot

(CHORUS)

Together they would travel  
 Puff and all the girls  
 They would have a lot of fun  
 His hair would end up curled

Puff, he had a nickname  
 They called him Ol' Slick Dick  
 And on every weekend date  
 They'd lick his giant prick  
 (CHORUS)

One gray night it happened  
 His rod would spring no more  
 No matter how hard Old Puff tried  
 He couldn't lay a whore

His head was bowed in sorrow  
 Cum drops fell like rain  
 Now it hangs some ten feet down  
 Gets caught in his shower drain  
 (CHORUS)

So Puff became a faggot  
 All the boys he did adore  
 He would use his ten-foot rod  
 To take off young men's drawers

The police finally caught him  
 And locked that iron gate  
 Now he sits around all day  
 Does nothing but masturbate.  
 (CHORUS)

MIMI THE COLLEGE WIDOW

Mimi the college widow,  
 pride of the university.  
 Mimi the college widow,  
 taught all the boys anatomy.  
 Mimi the college widow,  
 to know her was to love her  
 that's for sure (damn sure)  
 She laid the cornerstone of know-  
 ledge,  
 Hell, she laid the whole damn  
 college,  
 Mimi the college widow.

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

Frigging in the rigging  
 Frigging in the rigging  
 Frigging in the rigging  
 There's nothing else to do.

It was on the good ship Venus  
 My God, you should have seen us  
 The figure head was a whore in bed  
 Sucking the captain's penis

(Chorus)

The captain's daughter Mabel  
 Whenever she was able  
 Would masturbate the second mate  
 upon the chartroom table  
 (chorus)

The cabin boy was chipper  
 He was a dirty nipper  
 He lined his ass with broken glass  
 And circumsized the skipper  
 (chorus)

The first mate was named Randy  
 My God, he was a dandy  
 He jerked his meat as a daily treat  
 And pissed in the Captain's brandy  
 (chorus)

It was at the China station  
 We defeated the Chinese nation  
 We sank a junk in a sea of punk  
 Through mutual masturbation.

JAMAICA FAREWELL (nonce)

Down the way where the twats are gay  
 And the cunts are hot when they get  
 juicy  
 I took a trip on a flying tit  
 And when I got to Jamaica I got some  
 pussy.

## CHORUS

I'm sad to say I'm on my way  
 Won't get laid for many a day  
 My dick is down, my balls are turning  
 around

I had to fuck a little whore in  
 Kingston town.

Down at the whore house you can hear  
 Whores cry out as on their backs they  
 lay

Candy cunts, salt-water tit is nice,  
 And the fucking is fine any time of  
 year

(CHORUS)

Down the way where the twats are gay  
 And the fucking whores sway to and fro  
 I must admit I've bit some tit  
 And fucked from Maine to Mexico.

TRAIN SONG (Humoresque)

18

Z=6x1

All passengers will please refrain  
From flushing toilets while the train  
Is in the station-- darling I love you

We encourage constipation  
While the train is in the station  
Moonlight always makes me think of you.

If you wish to pass some water  
Kindly call the pullman porter  
He'll place a vessel in the vestibule  
If a porter isn't here  
Try the platform in the rear  
The one in front is likely to be full.

If the women's room be taken  
Don't be one bit forsaken  
Never show a sign of sad defeat  
Try the men's room across the hall  
And if some man has had the call  
He'll kindly relinquish you his seat.

If these efforts appear in vain  
Quickly break a window pane  
This novel method is used by very few.

We go strolling through the park  
Goosing statues in the dark  
If Sherman's horses can take it, so can you.

MOTHER FUCKER'S BALL

Hey! They're havin' a ball  
Where?  
At the mother fucker's ball:

Oh, they're havin' a ball at the mother fucker's ball  
The wiggeons and the pigeons gonna be there all  
They start passin' out pussy 'bout a quarter to eight  
So, mother fuck, mother fuck, don't be late.

Well, I've had it in London, and I've had it in Spain  
I've had it on the rock-bound coast of Maine  
But the best piece of them all  
Was when I got my mother-in-law  
Last Saturday night at the mother fucker's ball!

THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

Ten pounds of boobie in a  
loose brassiere  
A twat that twitches like a  
moose's ear  
A dried up cum drop in my  
bottle of beer

These foolish things remind me  
of you.

An old dead fetus on a marble  
slab

A toothless blowjob in a taxi  
cab

A great big hard on with a  
syphilitic scab

These foolish things remind me  
of you.

Down by the river Pardee, Pardee  
Down by the river Pardee  
Where nothing is heard but  
the slush of a turd  
Down by the river Pardee

There once was a young man  
named Dan  
Who was an extraordinary man  
When he got excited  
His prick extracited  
And stretched from Burma to Siam

There was a young girl from Leeds  
Who swallowed a package of seeds  
All kinds of grass  
Grew out of her ass  
And her twat was covered with weeds

There was a young lady from  
Itstwich  
Who took grain to a mill to  
make grist  
But a miller named Jack  
Laid her flat on her back  
And united the organs they  
pissed with

There was a young man from Van  
Horn  
Who never should have been born  
But when his dad shoved it in  
The rubber was thin  
And in one place it was torn

There was a young man named  
McRawls  
Who did his act in town halls  
His favorite trick  
Was to spit on his dick  
And to slide off the stage on  
his balls

There was a young lady from  
Carolina  
Who had a rheostat for a vagina  
She could lay all day  
With a man in Bombay  
While soliciting in Plina

There was a young lady from  
Azores  
Whose cunt was covered with sores  
Not a dog in the street  
Would touch the meat  
That hung in festoons from her  
twat

In the garden of Eden lay Adam  
Stroking the ass of his madame  
He rolled over in mirth  
'Cause he knew on all earth  
There were only two balls, and  
he had 'em

There was a young lady named  
Foster  
Whose parents thought they  
had lost her  
But out on the grass  
Was the print of her ass  
And the knees of the man who  
had crossed her

There was an old man from Rangoon  
Who was born by the light of the  
moon  
He had not the luck  
To be born of a fuck  
But a wet dream scraped up with  
a spoon

There once was a girl from  
Seattle  
Who delighted in sucking off  
cattle  
Then a bull from the South  
Went off in her mouth  
And made her ovaries rattle

A luscious young thing named  
Miss Trevor  
Was cute and exceedingly clever  
To damp her beau's ardor  
She put pins in her garter  
To spike the poor fellow's  
endeavor

A girl attending Bryn Mawr  
Committed a dreadful faux pas  
She loosened a stay  
In her Decollete  
Exposing her Je Ne Sais Quois

There was a young lady from  
France  
Who walked down the Bus de la  
Canse  
She met a young Turk  
Who got in a good work  
And now she can't button her  
pants

There was a young girl who begat  
Three babies named Pat, Nat, and Tat  
It was fun in the breeding  
But hell in the feeding  
When she found there was no tit for  
Tat.

There was a young girl from Peru  
Who decided her loves were too few  
So she walked from her door  
With a fig leaf, no more,  
And now she's in bed--with the flu.

There once was a man named Bachrach  
Who played the viol with his cock  
With massive erections  
He rendered selections  
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There once was a girl from Milpitas  
Who had a great yen for coitus  
Her athlete friend  
Had an itch on his end  
And now she has athlete's foetis.

A magnificent lady from Worchester  
Once dreamed that a film star sed-  
orchester  
She awakened to find  
It was all in her mind  
Just a lump in the mattress that  
gorcester.

There once was a farmer named Fritz  
Who planted an acre of tits  
They came up in the fall  
Pink nipples and all  
And by spring he had chewed them to  
bits.

There was a young lady from Brussels  
Accused of wearing two bustles  
She said, "It's not true  
It's a thing I shan't do  
You're simply observing large muscles".

There once was a pirate named Bates  
Who did the fandango on skates  
He fell on his cutlass  
Which rendered him nutless  
And practically useless on dates.

There once was a girl from Detroit  
Who at fucking proved quite adroit  
She could contract her vagina  
To a pinpoint or finer  
Or enlarge it to the size of a quoit,

There once was a man from Nantucket  
Whose prick was so long he could suck  
it

He said with a grin  
As he wiped off his chin,  
"If my ear were a cunt, I would  
fuck it."

There once was a girl out of Dallas  
Who used a dynamite stick for a  
phallus  
They found her vagina  
In North Carolina  
And her clitoris in Buckingham  
Palace.

There once was a couple named Kelly  
Who were found stuck belly to belly  
They had in their haste  
Used library paste  
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There once was a hermit named Dave  
Who kept a dead whore in a cave  
He said, "I'll admit  
I'm a bit of a shit  
But think of the money I save."

There once was a young man from  
Sparta  
Who was a phenomenal farter  
He could fart anything  
From God Save the Queen  
To Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

He would fart a Gavotte for a  
starter  
Then the theme from the Coffee  
Cantata  
He would boom from his ass  
Bach's B Minor Mass  
And in counterpoint La Traviatta

There was a young man from Lagore  
Whose cock was one inch and no more  
It was good for keyholes  
And little girl's peeholes  
But no good for fucking a whore.

There was a young man in Essene  
Who invented a fucking machine  
Concave or convex  
It fit either sex  
And played with itself in between.

There was a young girl from Paw-  
tucket  
Who went to hell in a bucket  
Who, when asked for a fare  
Pulled her dress up in the air  
And said, "Play with it, kiss it,  
or fuck it." ← use

There once was a young girl of France  
Who boarded a train in a trance  
The engineer fucked her  
As did the conductor  
And the fireman went off in his  
pants.

There once was a monk from Siberia  
 Who met a nun from Liberia  
 He did to that nun  
 What had never been done  
 And now she's a Mother Superior.

There once was a bishop from Lee  
 Who went to the river to pee  
 He said "Pax Vobiscum"  
 Why won't the piss come  
 Could it be I have C.L.A.P.?"

An oversexed lady named White  
 Insists on a dozen a night  
 A fellow named Cheddar  
 Had the brashness to wed her  
 His chance of survival is slight.

A young lad with passions quite gingery  
 Tore a hole in his sister's best lingerie  
 He pinched her behind  
 Then made up his mind  
 To add incest to insult to injury.

One night a girl had an affair  
 With a fellow all covered with hair  
 Then she picked up his hat  
 And realized that  
 She'd been had by Smokey the Bear.

There once was a monk from Siberia  
 Whose life grew drearier and drearier  
 He came from his cell  
 With a hell of a yell  
 And eloped with the mother superior.

There once was a young man from Boston,  
 Who bought himself an Austin  
 He had room for his ass  
 And a gallon of gas  
 But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There once was a woman named Brewer  
 Who boasted nobody could screw her  
 Along came a fink  
 With an iron-alloy dink  
 And rammed it all the way through her.

From the staid stone walls of St. Giles  
 Came a scream that was heard for miles  
 Said a monk, "Goodness gracious  
 I fear Brother Ignatius  
 Has forgotten the rector has piles."

A clever commercial female  
 Had prices tattooed on her tail  
 And on her behind  
 For the sake of the blind  
 A duplicate version in Braille.

A pansy who lived in Khartoum  
 Took a lesbian up to his room  
 And they argued all night  
 Over which had the right  
 To do what, and with which, and to whom.

A broken-down harlot named Tupps  
 Was heard to confess in her cups  
 "The height of my folly  
 Was wooing a collie  
 But I got a nice price for the pups."

There once was a girl from Mobile  
 Whose vagina was as hard as steel  
 To derive her thrills  
 She used diamond drills  
 And off-center emery wheels.

There was a young maiden from Siam  
 Who said to her lover Khyamm  
 "To seduce me of course  
 You will have to use force!  
 Thank goodness you're stronger than I am."

There was a young lady from Norway  
 Who hung by her heels in a doorway  
 She told her young man  
 "Get off the divan.  
 I think I've discovered one more way."

There once was a man from Bel-Air  
 Who was fucking his wife on the stair  
 The bannister broke  
 But he doubled his stroke  
 And finished her off in mid-air.

A pretty young maiden from France  
 Decided she'd just "take a chance"  
 She let herself go  
 For an hour so so  
 And now all her sisters are aunts.

There was a young lady named Hager  
 Who, as the result of a wager  
 Consented to fart  
 The hole oboepart  
 To Mozart's Quartet in F Major.

There once was a man named Grost  
 Who had relations with a ghost  
 He said with a spasm  
 At the height of orgasm  
 "I think I can feel it--almost."

There was a Scot named McGherkin  
Who was constantly jerking his  
gherkin  
His wife said, "McGherkin, quit  
jerking your gherking  
Your shirkin' your ferkin  
YOU BASTARD"

There once was a man from Bombay  
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay  
The heat of his erection  
Caused a reaction  
And wore all his foreskin away

There was a young man named McGee  
Who bugged an ape in a tree  
The result was most horrid  
All ass and no forehead  
Three balls and a purple goatee

There was a young lady from Thrace  
Whose corsets grew too tight to  
lace  
Her mother said, "Nelly, There's  
more in your belly  
Then ever got in through your  
face"

There was a young lady named Ransome  
Who was fucked six times in a  
hansom  
As she lay on the floor  
Panting for more  
He cried, "My name's Simpson, not  
Sampson"

There was a young lady from Arden  
Who was blowing a man in a garden  
He said in a huff,  
"Do you swallow that stuff?"  
She answered him, "Gulp, beg  
your pardon?"

There once was a man from Grant's  
pass  
Whose scrotum was made out of  
brass  
When his balls clanged together  
They played "Stormy Weather"  
And lightning shot out of his ass

There was a young man from Kent  
Whose prick was so long that it  
bent  
To save himself trouble  
He put it in double  
And in coming -- he went

There was a young lady from  
Sidney  
Who could take it clear up to  
her kidney  
But a man from Quebec  
Shoved it up to her neck  
He had a big one didn't he?

There was a young man from Clyde  
Who went in a shithouse and died  
And then there's his brother  
Who died in another  
And now they're interred side by  
side

There was a young lady from York  
Who was greatly adverse to the  
stork  
But no matter how firm  
She feared no prick's sperm  
For she plugged it up first with  
a cork

There once was a man from Bel Air  
Who tried to bugger a bear  
But the beast was a brute  
Took a swipe at his root  
And left nothing but testes  
and hair

The wife of a young man named Bole  
Has a sense of humor most droll  
To a masquerade ball  
She wore nothing at all  
And come in as a Parker House  
Roll

There was a young man from  
Rangoon  
Whose farts were heard to the  
moon  
When you'd least expect 'em  
They'd roar from his rectum  
With the sound of an eastern  
typhoon

The Work Manager gets his  
delight  
From a game he plays every night  
With his penis in hand  
He really feels grand  
Switching from left hand to  
right

(none)

✓ (none)

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(A)



L.A. 1965.

PS. I am interested in any printed matter (pro or con) about the Garrison trial in New Orleans, assuming it is allowed to start, and Oswald doesn't come to life and assassinate Garrison! Many people in Europe are very keyed up about this thing.

8 February 1968

Dear Dick,

(Reuss)  
This note thanking you for your thought of me, in sending the UCLA song folio is this delayed in arriving, because the folio itself just arrived today though sent at New Years! The French mails are ghastly slow always, but for Xmas they really lay down on the job! Thank you very much for this collection. I must be losing my eyesight correcting proofs for Rationale of the Dirty Joke (volume I, of 2, should be out this summer or fall), as it was not till I was halfway through, and got up to answer an interruption at the door that I noticed your provenance note and critique on the back of the first page.

Obviously, everything you say about it is true. The genre is getting crueller and swiffter all the time, without giving any real symptoms of being ready to die. Meanwhile, the folksong revival seems pretty near dead, having been replaced in both America and France by acid-rock, which is obviously intended to be listened to under hash or LSD: anyhow you can't listen to it any other way without going insane -- the hashishins are doubtless insane already: of those who take LSD there is no longer any doubt...that's why they call it psychomimetic anyhow, isn't it? (Catatonic and hebephrenic covers most of those I've seen.)

I suppose it is true about the songsheet this is supposed to be based on, but I would love to find out more about that. Do you have Mr. & Mrs. Soloski's address, or do you suppose I could address him c/o the Law Dept at UCLA? I will be very circumspect until I get a candid answer from them. I never did hear from Don Higgenbotham at all (trust that is correctly with an "e" and not an "i"): address was 3117 Wenz Avenue, Waco, Texas. I'll try again if no other address is available. And never had any address at all for J. Fagan, of the Naval folklore paper. Can you help here? Have not yet followed up the limerick supplement at Indiana, as I am not sure who to write to: they would make xeroxes I assume (as the Kinsey's will not...not usually), but how can you xerox index-cards? Is there anyone there I could ask, for a graduate student fee, perhaps, to work off hand or typewritten copies of all these items that the collector said were NOT in The Limerick?

"DIRTY"  
Assuming you yourself have retained a copy of the UCLA folio, here is a list of the items I consider to be "nonce" (some people say "fake") probably with the fraternity men or ultimate editors (by pages and titles): 1/ California Fucking Song; The Fagget Golden Bear (both); 3/ Hanna [Not sure about this: last stanza looks authentic]; 6/ Money Rolls In (last two stanzas); 8/ Ball at Balleynoor; Cats on the Roof Top (something phoney about both of these, as they avoid verbal unexpurgated: could these be from Oscar Brand's recordings or other perverted feedback?); 9/ (Incipit:) Well, the nipples on her titties [Authentic, of course. This is the most interesting item to me in the whole folio. I believe it is Negro in origin: there is a recording or tape--which I don't have--on which a Negro woman singer does a song very similar, but breaks up at a line about "The crabs on her ass were..." and I never got the text transcribed, nor heard the rest of it. Powerful rhythm, like a talking-blues.] 10/ Jesus loves me; 12/ Red, Red [Not sure about this] 12/ Banging the Crack (probably authentic; what is this rhythm or tune a parody of???) 14/ Public Hairs (authentic; what is the tune, "Frenesi"???) 14/ Vagina (authentic; what is this a parody of, Pepsi Cola song, or wet???) / 14/ Let Me Call You Sweetheart (nonce?) / 16/ Green-Back Pattii / 17/ Puff; Mimi (??); Jamaica Farewell./ Would be interested to know if you concur, Doctor!?

Best personal wishes, and thanks again. What have you lined up for your own future? Yours,

For Dick

This song collection was mimeographed by the University Co-Op House at 500 Landfair, UCLA, on the UCLA campus (Los Angeles). The Co-Op House is composed mostly of "emergency" male students, who presumably have economic and housing difficulties of one kind or another. This collection was distributed either in place of or as a supplement to the weekly unsupervised newspaper issued by the Co-Op. It was produced in the mid-1960s, and this copy was xeroxed from an original owned by Warren Soloski, now a law student at UCLA. His wife, Judith Gaynor Soloski, turned this in to me for duplication purposes on December 6, 1967, at the end of my Introduction to Folklore class. The collection is striking in its concentration on the extremely hostile, aggressive, violent, and obscene college songs to the exclusion of most others.

Richard A. Reuss